



Trail Riders Camp at Mount Assiniboine

C.P.R. photo



Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

BULLETIN No. 64



A DUDE RIDES TO ASSINIBOINE

(and writes a diary)

by MARGARET ECKER

Dear Diary:

Banff Springs Hotel, July 25, 1941.

Well, chum, maybe this is the last you'll see of your little pal for a while. I know, you've been just like a sister, I've taken you everywhere. But I ask you, would any self respecting diary go on a trail ride?

In fact, would any self-respecting dude go on a trail ride?

Dude? Yes, that's me. According to the cowboy I met down at the hotel corral today. "Here comes another of those dizzy dudes," he says. So I looked around, expecting, according to Webster, "a seventeenth century dandy", though one would have looked funny leaning on the corral rail.

But there wasn't anyone in sight but me in my creaky new blue denims and my royal Stuart tartan shirt I bought in the village. And my hat. You should see my hat. I walked all over Banff to get the biggest one in the mountains, and it is. It's funny, though, it doesn't look a bit like the nice cowboy's which has two lovely rolls in the brim and a peak in the front.

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DOESN'T MEAN A THING!

Anyway, he called me a dude. When I asked him about it, he looked a bit sheepish and said: "Oh, us westerners just call people who don't live here that—it don't mean nothin'."

After he'd hoisted me into a western saddle and my horse was off down the tam-rack trail like a bolt of lightning, with me about four good lengths behind, I heard him say, "That's what I mean." So I guess a dude's someone who posts when she rides, just like we learned at riding academy.

Well, anyway, diary, we hit the trail tomorrow and anything can happen. May be I'd better take you along after all. Some of the cowboys I've seen in Banff are simply fascinating, in a lean, undernourished looking way.

I saw the notice board in the hotel hall when I came up. It said: "Trail ride breakfast at 6.45 a.m." Now how can a self-respecting dude look her best at that hour in the morning. And I was counting so hard on first impressions. There was a girl at college once who fell in love with a cowboy.

Anyway, I'm all set. I've got my sleeping bag rolled and my dunnage bag packed, it took me three hours but maybe I'll be able to cut down on that a bit on the trail.

Next time you see me, the swaggering cowgirl on the left will be me.

BLOWSY BUT UNBOWED

July 25.

Well, diary, as usual, I spoke out of turn. The swaggering cowgirl on the left is somebody else, the limp piece of protoplasm with the dust thick on her face and her hair out of curl, on the right, is me.

But my head's blowsy, but unbowed. Trail riding is fun—I think, if I can get myself out of my sleeping bag tomorrow.

As I told you, morning began at six a.m. I wonder who wakes up hotel desk clerks. Anyway, I'll bet he wished he hadn't when I barked into the phone this morning.

So I had a yummy hot bath with a sneaking suspicion it might be the last I'd see for five days, (Sounds positively barbarian), and got into my nice new cowboy clothes.

Then I went downstairs feeling like a publicity ad for a western movie. There were other people eating—disgusting big breakfasts like hot cakes, ham, eggs and porridge, but I ordered my usual orange juice and black coffee.

Then the waitress said, "It's none of my business, but if you're going on the trail ride, you'd better eat some breakfast. I've just heard them say they don't stop for lunch very early."

I took her word for it and compromised with toast, and how I wished for that bacon and eggs, later!

WE'RE OFF

I had a look at the other people who looked as if they might be trail riders while I ate and later as they got us sorted into a big bus.

Some of them seemed to have been at it a long time, their trousers were so old and their hats were all battered up. I bet they envied me my nice new outfit and clean white hat.

Most of them seemed to know each other and were chatty and chummy. I felt a bit lost, then a big man with a big hat and a big grin, said, "Hello. I guess you're going with us. It looks like swell weather. We're going to have a good time."

Banff Springs Hotel is one of the most beautiful buildings I've ever seen, and it really looked comfortable and inviting this morning as we slipped down the road and across the Bow River. I thought of my nice soft bed and my nice steamy bath and wondered if I hadn't been a bit too adventurous.

Everybody was grand and friendly, though. They were talking about last year and how it rained every day, but nobody seemed to mind a bit.

Once a sightseeing bus stopped and took pictures of us, I guess they thought we were the advance train of a wild west show.

Canmore turned out to be a funny little mining town that I'd like to come back and explore sometime. There was one old log building with "opera house" on the front and a date, 18..(?)

WE SADDLE UP

The bus meandered up the hill towards the coal mine and turned up a narrow, interesting road with the trees so close branches nearly swept my nice new hat off.

People seemed to be arriving from all directions at a clearing on the sidehill. There were people in park lane riding clothes and some with the knees out of their denims.

There were Indians, in shirts like mine, and hats too, but dirtier, their faces serious as they cinched up horses, and loaded pack ponies but their black eyes with sparks of laughter in them as they hoisted some of the dudes like me on to horses.

There were cowboys, hand-rolled cigarettes dripping from one corner of their mouths, rushing around getting us all sorted out. I don't know how they did it. Any minute I expected to find myself trussed up with the dunnage bags and see my bed roll riding merrily off in a saddle.



Whiteman's Pass

C.P.R. photo

WHAT NOW, LITTLE GIRL

The coolest man on the whole place I found out was Claude, Claude Brewster. He was doing the sorting and wasn't half as excited about it as some of us dudes.

"Guide, guide, will you fix my stirrups?"

"Guide, Guide, my saddle doesn't fit me."

"Guide, how do you make this horse go?"

"Guide, do you think you could find my sweater, it's in a brown dunnage bag?"

Everybody sounded as bewildered as I felt. But I found Jack Thomas. Jack was the guide who'd promised to cherish and keep me through this ordeal.

Jack introduced me to Buttercup, and that moment made history, because Buttercup is beyond doubt the most beautiful little



Photo by R. H. Palenske

Lunch at the Warden's Cabin, top of Whiteman's Pass

three-quarter bred pony in the Rocky Mountains, but I knew when she took her first look at me that she was too much of a lady to say how she felt.

Between Jack and me and a stump, I got aboard and it was grimly revealed then that the creations I had bought as "ranch pants" weren't going to give me any cooperation in getting on a horse.

"You'll be alright," says Jack, who hasn't stopped being cheerful and kind, no matter how many dumb things I did for the rest of the day.

Buttercup tossed her head to show what she thought of dudes and Jack spent the next ten minutes getting my stirrups the right length. We ended with them back where they started.

Every guide had five or six dudes. Finally they got their charges mounted and the horses got restless. "I don't think these horses are safe," confided one middle-aged rider, and I knew how she felt. Buttercup as soon as her chum, a big black horse Jack was riding, moved away she started after at a fine clip.

"You sure got a willin' horse there," said one of the Indians. She was willing, but I didn't like to tell him for what.

So we started off up the trail, in single file.

SOFTER SADDLES NEEDED

I was too busy trying to find a soft place in the saddle for a while to notice the scenery much but finally when Buttercup and I had managed to get into rhythm and I had time to look around we were climbing upward

toward Mount Rundle and the Three Sisters that someone had pointed out to me on the bus.

"This is White Man's Pass," said Jack who was riding ahead. The trail wandered up through a wooded canyon and we could see wild flowers in little knolls through the trees.

The trail turned and we came on a deep turquoise sulphur spring bubbling into a pool that someone had lined with logs. There was a rustic seat and a picnic table but it looked as if no one had been there for a long time.

"The boys from the ranches down the valley used to come up here for a sulphur bath," explained someone, and I made a mental note that when I build that log cabin in the mountains—the one I think about all winter—that I'd have another look at this place. But between this morning and tonight I've picked a dozen spots that are just like something I've always dreamed about. In the Canadian Rockies, all you have to do is drop a rock from an airplane and where it lands is almost bound to be a breath-takingly beautiful spot with a view of a glacier or an emerald lake or a mountain waterfall.

Like the twin lakes we discovered. I was riding along thinking about how nice the Alberta sun feels on your face and how much nicer than almost any perfume is the smell that's mixture of horse, buckskin and saddle leather. Suddenly there between the trees was one of the most beautiful "lakelets" anyone has seen.

It was deep, a heaven sort of blue, like the sky just before sunset, with a rim of sand and rock. But before I'd finished gaping, I saw, not one lake, but two, and just as lovely.

"What a wonderful place for a corn roast some moonlight night," said Jack, and you could almost feel the butter and salt on your cheeks and see the moon on the twin lakes.



Getting ready for the ride to Spray Lakes

C.P.R. photo

WORLD OF GREEN BEAUTY

If I was a botanist I could write down all the trees and the plants we saw as we worked our way up White Man's Pass—all I know is that it was a world of green beauty. Sometimes we were in an old forest where weather-beaten trees covered their dead, gnarled limbs with moss and the air had the damp, musty, reverent smell of the past.

The young forests were cheerier, perfumed with pine, with the vigorous green of youth where the little pine trees seemed to be shouldering each other out of the way in a race to get nearer the sun.

the grass or wandering about with cups looking for a long drink of cold water.

I got off Buttercup and was surprised when my legs didn't quite telescope under me like India rubber. Buttercup looked relieved too and had started to eat grass as if she had a two hour contract to clip the whole meadow.

"I don't see any food," said someone. "I'll die if I don't eat soon." A dark-looking cowboy whom people called Steve and a nice, smiley dark woman whose riding I had been watching with fascinated envy all morning were unwrapping canvas bundles, taken off a pack pony.



First night's Camp at Spray Lakes

Photo by R. H. Palenske

About then my mind started to wander from the scenery back to the Banff Springs and those platters of ham and eggs I'd snubbed. The dudes who'd trotted out of Canmore so cheerily three or four hours before were beginning to droop a bit. My saddle was getting bigger and Buttercup seemed to jolt more than usual even at a walk.

The girl ahead had said four times, "I wish we'd stop—to eat," when the trees thinned and we came out on a meadow with a fire ranger's cabin in one corner. Those who went ahead were off their horses, sitting limply on

There was a fire going and smells of coffee were coming from a big pot. In a flash it was lunch, and in a flash it was disappearing. The bundles were big chubby sandwiches, meat and jam inside and thick, but I didn't hear any complaints about them not being cut in afternoon tea size.

Then there was rich damp cake, right out of Peter Pan with oranges that got everybody's hands sticky. But best of all was the tea, "real trail tea," a cowboy said, smacking his lips, scalding hot and strong.

LIKES COWBOY SINGER

When even I couldn't eat any more we stretched out on the grass in the shade and George Fisher started to strum at his banjo. George is one of the wranglers, and good-looking too. He sings all those western songs that I always thought corny on the radio but they give you a nice glowy feeling in the vicinity of a diaphragm when you hear them out in the mountains with the sun in your face and the horses stomping about a little way off.

Remind me, dear diary, to buy a stack of cowboy records when I go home.

More trouble after lunch. I'd managed to pick Buttercup out of 180 other horses. I'd managed to climb back on her, with not more than two cowboys helping and we'd started down the trail with me telling myself, "Huh, you're no dude, I'll bet they can't tell you from a 'westerner.'"

We'd been riding through a bit of the woods for a while and Buttercup wasn't happy. Buttercup, as our brief but intimate acquaintance has proved, is a horse that likes to get on in the world, and smack ahead of her on the narrow trail was a cayuse that didn't. In fact from the droop of his head and his tail, I think he'd be just as happy standing still.

Buttercup did a lot of hinting. She nosed him in the tail until he took a lazy kick at her. Then she tried different tactics, she'd drop behind a bit, just as if she didn't care. Then to pick up the gap, like a good trail rider, she'd break into a trot.

We were on a high valley between the Goat Range and the Three Sisters now. The mountains swept up from the bottom of the valley, blue in the summer sun and by and bye, in the distance we saw the Spray Lakes.

"SMOKE" SCREEN

We would have been safe from an air raid there. The dust from the horses' feet came up like a cloud, and by mid-afternoon Buttercup and I were camouflaged completely. The pretty blonde girl behind me had black rims around her eyes and you could hardly tell Indians from dudes.

We rode past the first Spray Lake and through a meadow. "Indians?" I shrieked to myself, because there, near another Lake with a stream nearby, was a real teepee town.

Then I found out I was to be one of the Indians; the third teepee from the end with the sun painted on the canvas was home sweet home for this tired dude.

They got me off Buttercup and I leaned against the corral fence for a while with a couple of other gals who were afraid their legs had gone on a sitdown strike.

Buttercup, practically yodelling with joy at having her saddle off was frisking about the corral. She had a wicked gleam in her eye and I could imagine what she was telling the black horse... "See that dude over there, the funny looking one. Thinks she can ride. I showed her; You'd never believe it if I told you..."

I limped over to the village and dug my sleeping bag out from under a pile that had been taken off a pack horse. I sat on it, sadly for a while, wanting dinner and a hot bath and a feather bed.

Three vigorous people popped out of teepees in bathing suits. I found out afterwards they were Tom Bata who was in the Czech air force before it was demobilized, Aileen Bettesworth who's going to be married soon and go to live in the wilds of northern Ontario, and Peter Spohn a young doctor who is waiting to go overseas.

TEEPEE CHUMS

They looked cool in their bathing suits but when they waded right into the glacier stream and went swimming just as if they liked it, I got cold shivers.

I found my teepee and my two teepee chums who announced they were going to have a good wash before supper. I muttered something about being too tired to be clean and one of them handed me a mirror. When I finished searching the teepee for the squaw I saw reflected in it, I followed them down the stream with my towel over my shoulder and my soap in my grimy little hand. When I got back to the teepee, they hardly recognized me—clean, with my hair combed.

Claude Brewster shouted, "Come and get it". "It" turned out to be the world's best clam chowder and his 100 dudes did everything but swim in it.

There was roast meat, potatoes, vegetables and pie for desert, and you should see how Bert Hall (that's the cook) whips up a meal on a wee stove in a tent with us dudes tripping over him asking for hot water to wash.

When I'd finished all the food my tin plate could hold and gone back for a second helping—me, who has to be coaxed to eat at home—the sun was starting to go down and the mountain ridge across from the camp turned first pink then deeper and deep blue until it was purple. It started to get a mite cold but there was a big roaring campfire.

CAMPFIRE HUDDLE

So we got blankets and snuggled around it and George, the nice cowboy with the banjo, started to sing. Then a handsome dark boy, Allan Crawford, played his accordion, all the

*On the meadows
beyond Spray Lakes*



*We are
hungry*



*Lunch at the junction
of Wonder Pass Trail*

C.P.R. photos

nice old favorite songs and some of those grand cowboy songs.

Funny, sitting there by the fire, the grandest warm, peaceful feeling sort of, trailed over me. I think I'm going to like the trail ride—if I can get on my horse tomorrow.

We're back in the teepee now—and do you know what, with a fire in the middle of the floor. Every once in a while the wind changed and we nearly got smoked out—but even then, I think these Indians had something.

I never knew a sleeping bag perched on fir boughs could look so inviting. Good night, diary.

July 26.

Another day behind Buttercup, another day closer to a nice hot bath, but I'm still in there punching. Maybe I creak when I walk and maybe I don't sit down so gracefully but Buttercup and me are still buddies.

Did I ever sleep soundly last night, I don't believe I budged all night except when my nose got cold and I put it in the sleeping bag too. Round about morning I woke up and thought Buttercup must be in the teepee, there was a peculiar horsey odor about.

Then I found out—the horse was me and the smell was billowing out of my pants I'd rolled up for a pillow.

It was hard getting up, but that's not news to this dude. It was so warm and cozy in my sleeping bag, like a cocoon, but the air in the teepee was cold and clear like an ice cube.

But I chose my teepee mates well. Lois got up and had a fire going and after a contortionist act that should be a hit in big time vaudeville I crawled out of my sleeping bag wearing all the clothes I owned—on a bit crooked, I admit. But on.

Breakfast was swell. That Bert, who's an air force cook on a holiday, will make a good husband for some lucky girl. You should have seen the pancakes, big as elephants' feet, light as fairies.

WAISTLINES FORGOTTEN

Waistline or no waistline, I ate breakfast—from fruit and porridge to eggs, pancakes, coffee and bacon. If mother could see me now!

The trail led up the pleasantest valley along a mountain stream.

Sometimes we passed little lakes and here and there we splashed through a cool mountain stream. The sky was clear and the sun got hotter and hotter. I was kind of sorry I'd piled on so many clothes after I saw the ice on the wash basin this morning.

Once we passed a log cabin where a fire ranger and his wife came out to wave at us.

"I'll bet they envy us city folks," said someone. But me, I envied them their cabin with their mountain view.

At noon we camped by a rangers' cabin near a stream, hot, dusty, hungry and peeling at the nose. Those who could get out of their riding boots went paddling and the rest of us goo-ed ourselves up with brown sunburn cream. I saw Tom Labelle and Johnny Bearspaw looking at me suspiciously and I think they were going to ask which my tribe was.

What a wonderful afternoon! A few of the good riders like Tom Bata, Jack Williams, Kate Spalding who even the cowboys admit is no dude at all but the real thing, and Pat Rawlings, who is so lucky she lives at Kananaskis all year round, were going to ride with the pack train up Assiniboine Pass.

The pack train doesn't stop for drinks of water and eats, they push on through, because they're on no holiday, but I knew that was no place for me.

Anyway, I got left behind by Jack and the black horse and poor Buttercup was all of a dither at being found alone with me in the mountains. Then a pack horse from Jack's string whinnied. Buttercup had her mind made up, in a flash we were plunging across the meadow after the pack horses.

RACES PACK TRAIN

My what a fine ride that was—for Buttercup. She pretended she was out on the range rounding up horses and gave the pack ponies a run for their money. An Indian showed me how to whistle, low and through the teeth to speed up the ponies and I really felt as if I was working my way.

It was a rough hard climb for a while. Then we came out on rolling, green carpeted Assiniboine Pass. Suddenly in front of us, a star to steer by was Mount Assiniboine, Mount Everest of the Rockies.

It was a fine gallop into camp along a ridge above the deep blue of Lake Magog and a cool wind from the ice on the breath of Mount Assiniboine fresh in our faces.

Then I saw how the wheels go round. We found the campsite, in a shelter pocket above the lake, facing the glacier, by the bare teepee poles, left standing by an advance party.

We'd hardly more than tethered our horses when the cowboys and Indians were unpacking the horses. Teepees were unrolled and furled around the poles. A handful of Indians commenced cutting wood, for teepee fires, for the kitchen, for the campfire, with springy boughs for beds.



Wonder Pass Trail



Marvel Lake on Wonder Pass

C.P.R. photos

Bert, the cook and Steve, his assistant, who has the most handsome hand-decorated saddle in the Rockies, were sorting their kitchen stuff. In a second they had a canvas top up over the kitchen and were fitting the collapsible stove together. Bert had a fire on and a roast in the oven almost before the last piece was fitted in. Collapsible tables were unrolled on supports and the helpers had the tin dishes all set out ready for supper by the time the first of the riders came over Wonder Pass from Marvel Lake.

Those camera men are a menace. I'd unpacked myself and was down by the stream, on hands and knees, graceful-like, cleaning my teeth with more ardor than charm when I looked up, straight into the mouth of a movie camera. Maybe Doris Simpson, the lovely blonde, could be glamorous cleaning her teeth, but not this dude. Now I know how goldfish feel.

TRIES DISH WASHING

Like everybody else, I ate a big dinner and like everybody else I dirtied as many dishes as I felt like—but I learned my lesson. The boys had been working hard all day, so some of us dudes, bursting with energy in spite of our crippled condition, rolled up our sleeves for a spot of dish washing.

We were still getting the spot washed when Mount Assiniboine turned into a pink ice cream cone as she caught the last rays of the sun that had left this valley long ago.

We're all getting to be chums now after two days on the trail and campfire tonight had a real cozy, friendly feeling. The sky was a dusky oval between the mountain ridges and Assiniboine, deep, deep blue stood guard duty.

And to think I was homesick for the hotel and a hot bath! I think the guides will have a hard time finding me when its time to go back to civilization again.

Tomorrow (Sunday, I think, but what day of the week it is doesn't matter here in the mountains) is layover day and we sleep in till 8 o'clock. Wheee!

RESPIRE FOR THE WEARY

July 27.

And did I ever sleep in, way after breakfast, but Bert, the cook, took pity on my famished condition and whipped up some hot cakes, the kind they serve in heaven.

I really thought I'd be in clover today, what with no sleeping bag to roll in the cold grey dawn (and I mean cold, grey) I thought how perfect it would be not to have to look into that wicked gleam in Buttercup's eye

and not spend the first two hours of the day with her in a sparring match to see whether I rode her or she tossed me off to walk.

But after I'd strolled around camp a bit and talked to a few people, like that grand Wells family from South Carolina with their lovely accents, I started to get a bit restless. Then I realized I was lonesome for Buttercup so I went up to the corral to see her but she stood in a far corner and pretended to the other horses she didn't know me.

I was glad when Peter Spohn, Larry Rainsford and a few others suggested a fishing trip to Sunburst Lake.

It was good to be in the saddle again. We rode over a little ridge and found Sunburst, a pretty little lake with Wedgewood Mountain rising almost perpendicular from one of its shores. There was a comfortable-looking log cabin on one side of the lake and when we passed a pretty blonde woman in blue, looking like the heroine in a western movie came out and waved. I found afterwards she was Mrs. Pat Brewster, another of the famous Rocky tribe, and a Trail Rider, too.

Another ridge over we found another lake, Sunburst, luscious deep green, with a glacier at its head. Fish, like dark shadows, darted into the shallow water and out into the darker green again when our horses' shadows fell on them. The boys could hardly stay on their horses.

We found a little glade, half in the sun, half in the shade, and spent the kind of day you like to dream about in winter. The sun was warm and comforting and the horses cropped happily under a clump of trees.

At lunch time one of the ranch boys who came with us made a fire and coffee to go with our sandwiches. Some went swimming and splashed about in the refreshing, cool water.

HORSEBACK FISHING

Larry went fishing—on a horse. He rode his horse quietly into the shallows and cast from its back, and his friends ate delicious mountain trout for supper tonight.

Supper back at camp that night was unbelievable; baked ham and sweet potatoes with custard for desert. I walked over to Sunburst again before campfire and saw the sun go down turning Wedgewood and the lake the deepest, loveliest blue in the world.

The Indians, our grand tillicums of the trail, came to campfire that night and did the chicken dance for us. I found myself joining in with a great deal more enthusiasm than grace.

Afterwards, we talked to the guides for a while, those swell, real people who have



Mount Assiniboine

Etching by R. H. Palenske

Specially made for Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

A limited number of autographed prints from the original plate, size 6" by 8" are available to members in good standing.

(See announcement on page 22)

something city life and a fleet of Packards can't give. There's Ed Ogan, wrinkled pioneer who's grown up with this country, and his son, Chet, whose riding is beautiful to watch. There's Lawrie Johnson whose

thoughts keep straying back to Ghost River where Mrs. Johnson is running their beautiful ranch home. Then of course there's Jack, who's been almost a mother to the most hopeless dudes on the ride.



*Surgical operation
by Dr. Gow*



*She feels all right now
with Carl Rungius*

Photos by R. H. Palenske

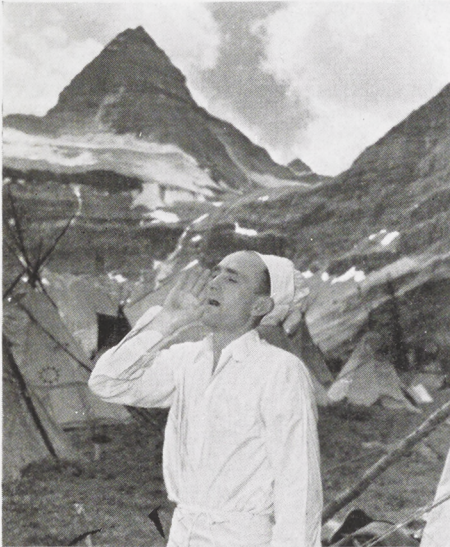
*Campfire
sing song*

C.P.R. photo



Cerulean and
Sunburst Lakes
from
Mount Cautley

Photo by Keith Hoffmeyer



Come and
get it!

C.P.R. photo



Washing up

C.P.R. photo



The music
lesson

*Photo by
R. H. Palenske*



Mrs. Graham Shepard



Tom Bata



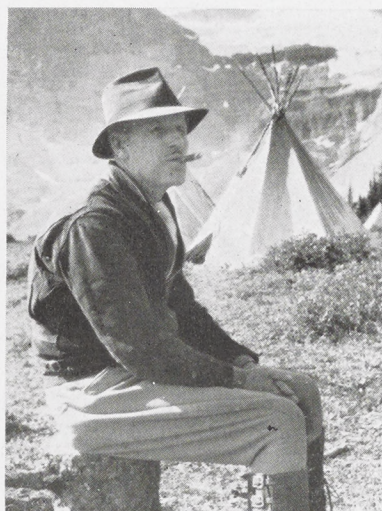
R. H. Palenske and Major P. J. Jem



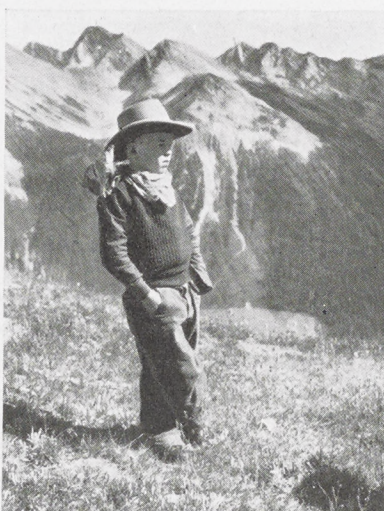
Betty Palenske



Doris Simpson



Dr. C. W. Skinner



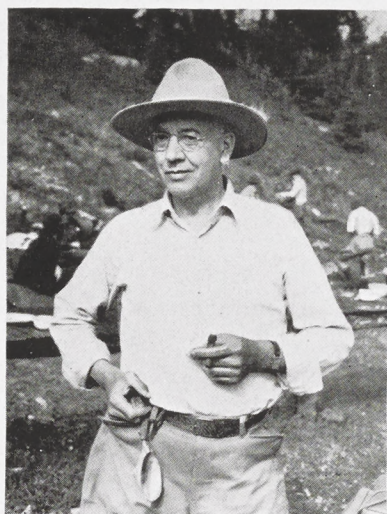
Arthur Brewster



Bert Hall is also popular



nings



Marshall H. Diverty



Rosamund Fisch



George Fisher seems to be popular with the ladies



Dr. Don McFarlane



Travers Coleman



Cavalcade from Mount Assiniboine on the homeward trek

Photo by Marshall H. Diverty

HATES TO GO HOME

July 28.

In another day we'll be home. The thought gives me cold shudders, I can't imagine how I'll ever part with Buttercup and living in a house will be smothering after having all the fresh air in the world to breathe.

We left Assiniboine behind this morning and it was like leaving home. I'd managed to find a place for my sleeping bag without too many hills and valleys and I liked the view from our teepee door.

We started out along Magog, making movies. Cameras were grinding and people were shouting in fine fettle as we rode out of camp. Buttercup was as excited and jittery as Garbo before a big scene and when she got plumb in front of a camera she went into a little step dance, with me hanging on like grim death. She ended by rearing and I thought I was going to crash the cameras, the hard way.

In the morning we rode through the Valley of Rocks, like the graveyard of nature, with huge unfriendly rocks tossed into the valley so that the trail had to pick a tortuous route through them. There were no trees here and we rode for nearly an hour through a burned

out forest with charred and deep grey trees standing like skeletons. The grey silt on the bottoms of water holes was cracked with drought.

The Rockies were telling us this was no Lotus Land, that they could be as stark and ruthless as they have been charming. We ate lunch on a scorched meadow in a cup of the mountains and the water from a crystal spring we discovered in the thick bushes tasted like champagne.

No one lingered that day over their tea. But to escape from that furnace we had to zig zag up the face of the mountain hundreds of feet with poor Buttercup straining till I thought her brave heart would break.

When the horses were wet and steaming and the riders limp in their saddles we looked across the oven we had just escaped from and there was the crystal-like spear of Assiniboine, like a promise that all was under control. In a few minutes we came out on Simpson Summit and a wondrous, rolling green valley stretching before us, as smiling and pleasant as the Valley of the Rocks had been cruel.

We found a little lake and the horses drank in long, thirsty gulps. Some of them riders



A little lake on Simpson Summit

Photo by R. H. Palenske

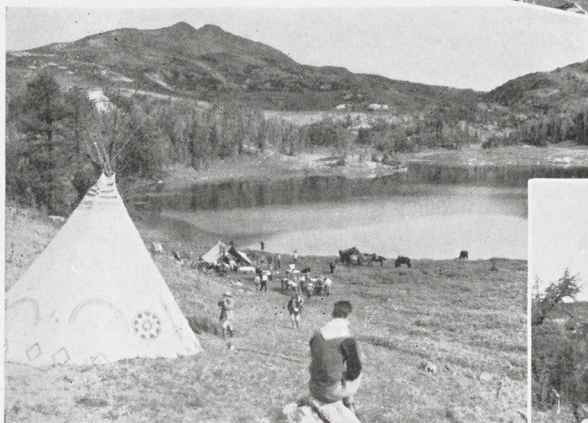


Skyline on Simpson Summit

C.P.R. photo
Page Seventeen

*Camp at
Larix Lake.*

*Photo by
Mellie M. Faris*



Larix Lake from the Camp

C.P.R. photo



The Cook Tent

C.P.R. photo

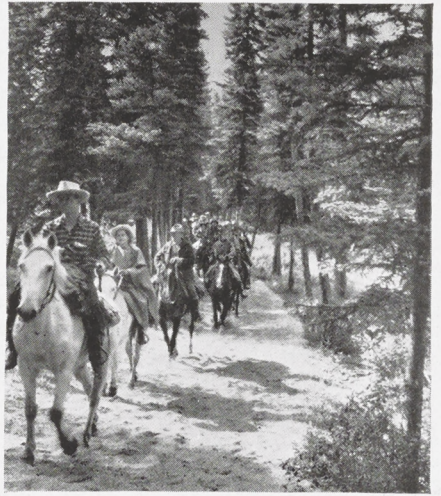


The Camp

*Photo by
Marshall H. Diverty*



Sunshine Valley
Lodge



President Bardwell leads
the cavalcade into
Banff



Final supper on the
grounds of Banff Springs Hotel



She lost her own horse



Drs. Spohn (father and son) ride into camp

and all, tried to roll in the fine sand of the beach, so I steered Buttercup out into the grass, because she's a gal with ideas.

There on the plateau in rich abundance was the tender green plant that Buttercup loves, so she grazed a while.

HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

This afternoon I found out what the Indians mean by the Happy Hunting Ground. I'm sure I rode through it on the top of the world. The plateau ebbs and swells, now down steeply to a valley, now high up on a ridge, an endless green meadow, spangled with flowers and cupped by mountains, blue in the summer sun.

Buttercup thought she'd found Shangri-la and I couldn't hold her. Soon we'd left our party behind and were alone on the summit, with Assiniboine behind us our only companion. Sometimes we found a lake in a valley where fish darted away from Buttercup's shadow as she stopped to drink. I let Buttercup have her own way. On long open stretches she gallops with the wind from the glacier cool in our faces, sometime she walked and we looked at the flowers.

In one valley we were completely alone, but there was no loneliness. We'd climbed the ridge before we looked back and saw across the meadows behind us, just crossing the other ridge, the trail riders as each horse and rider in turn was silhouetted against the sky.

Our teepees are on a bluff, above Lake Larix, and it's a lake out of a fisherman's dream. As soon as we got here Henry Scarborough and a few of the others had their lines out, and before the last riders were in camp there was a fine mess of trout on the bank beside each fisher.

IT'S ALL OVER NOW

July 29.

Banff Springs Hotel.

Dear Diary:

It's all over. I never knew I'd be so sorry to see anything end,—confidentially, I'd go bathless willingly for another month just to stay in the mountains...

Even the mountains were sorry to see us go and we had our one and only downpour when we hit the road down Healey Creek—of course everybody had packed his or her rain clothes in the duffle, after carrying it on the saddle for four days of perfect weather.

Never did I think I'd be sorry to wrestle with my sleeping bag for the last time, but I was this morning. I nearly wept tears into my duffle bag, along with the dirty socks, and I mean dirty.

We had our last flapjacks and bumped our head on our teepee poles for the last time. We left Larix and rode out along Rock Island Lake where a party of sportsmen fished from red canoes.

Buttercup smelled home and we were off across Simpson Summit like a rocket ship, until she nearly stumbled over a signboard. It said, "Ski Run" and I knew we were in the famous ski country. There were gently rolling slopes that levelled quietly off and I knew that they were the place for me and my famous head-over-heels christies. Up above was an abrupt peak that seemed made for a good brisk slalom run.

Down in a little valley we discovered a Swiss chalet-like log lodge—Sunshine... and civilization.

"EATINGEST" DUDE

Buttercup snorted disapprovingly at a truck that was parked outside and inside I felt lonely and unhappy in a room with a ceiling over my head and four walls. I had a "coke" but it didn't taste as good as it did in town and I went outside to breathe and look for some stream water.

We had our last trail lunch of sandwiches and I had my last picture taken with my mouth open eating a sandwich. Every time I took a bite these last five days it seems someone has taken a picture of me... I shall go down in history as the eatingest dude in the Rockies...

No one seemed anxious to get into Banff so we dawdled a bit along the road in spite of the horses. We arrived eventually, in cavalcade like a corps of half-breeds taking the city. I wondered why people stared at me. When I got to my room I peaked in a mirror, then looked around me for the sunburned, campfire smoked squaw that must have been standing behind me.

Three soakings of hot water later, I ventured downstairs. So we ate our last meal cooked by the maestro Bert and had our last chat with the Indians. It seemed to me that the guides didn't smile quite so patronizing at their dudes as they had the morning we started out.

All Banff came to see our pow-wow and we did the chicken dance again and sang our favorite songs. "The King is Still in London" brought me back with a jolt and I wondered what the newspaper headlines were—were the Nazis in Leningrad?

That, I guess, dear diary, is reality. The trail ride is a smoke dream and I hope the gods of the Rockies look after all Trail Riders until we dare dream again.

A BARGAIN FOR TRAIL RIDERS

R. H. Palenske, one of the charter members of the Trail Riders, is, as many of our members know, an internationally known etcher. Four of his etchings have been selected for the permanent collection at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., three were bought by the Library of Congress for their permanent collection, and the New York Public Library has the etching "For all the World" in its permanent collection. Mr. Palenske's etchings have been shown in the leading Art Galleries from Coast to Coast. During the recent visit of the Duke of Kent to Banff, His Royal Highness, who is a patron of the arts, was impressed by the quality of Mr. Palenske's etchings and secured ten for his personal collection.

Through the generosity of Mr. Palenske, who took part in this year's trip to Mount Assiniboine, Trail Riders who are in good

standing in regard to their payment of membership dues will have a unique opportunity of owning an autographed copy of the etching reproduced on page 11 of this bulletin, as Mr. Palenske has donated a number of such autographed prints to be sold at the nominal price of \$5.00 (the usual price is \$25.) — on the understanding that the offer is limited to members in good standing and that the proceeds go into the general funds of the Trail Riders.

TRAIL RIDE PHOTOS

Trail Riders who wish to enter prints of the snapshots they took on the Mount Assiniboine trip for the Reginald Townsend Silver Cup should send these under a *nom de plume* addressed to J. M. Gibbon, Secretary-Treasurer, Room 318, Windsor Station, Montreal together with a sealed envelope carrying the *nom de plume* on the outside and the actual name of the photographer inside. Entries are accepted up to Feb. 1, 1942.

PASSENGER LIST — TRAIL RIDE OF 1941

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FEURER, Mrs. BERNARD J.	Kew Gardens, N.Y.	SPOHN, Dr. A. HOWARD	Vancouver, B.C.
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HARMON, LLOYD	Banff, Alberta	WELLS, Mrs. J.	Evanston, Ill.
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HEINER, DEMPSEY	New York, N.Y.	WELLS, Mrs. LARRY	Orangeburg, S. Car.
HOFFMEYER, KEITH	Indianapolis, Ind.	WELLS, L. R. Jr.	Orangeburg, S. Car.
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HOLLANDER, Mrs. SIDNEY	Baltimore, Md.	WILLIAMS, JOHN F.	Vancouver, B.C.
HORSPOOL, Miss LUCILE	Seabee, Alberta	WILSON, Dr. W. A.	Edmonton, Alta.
HOUSE, Miss LOIS	Willard, Ohio	WILSON, Miss ALICE	Barrington, Ill.
HULL, NORMAN	Montreal, Que.	WRIGHT, Miss GWEN	Vancouver, B.C.
JABOOLIAN, Miss ARAX	New York, N.Y.	ZARBELL, IVER H.	Seattle, Wash.
JABOOLIAN, Miss ROSE	New York, N.Y.	ZARBELL, Mrs. IVER H.	Seattle, Wash.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

Historical Pageant presented by

the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies on the
Grounds of the Banff Springs Hotel, July 29, 1941.

<i>Ghosts</i>	<i>Actors</i>	<i>Ghosts</i>	<i>Actors</i>
Sir George Simpson	Carl Rungius	Narrator	
James Rowand	Col. Phil. A. Moore	(Dan McCowan)	Travers Coleman
Father de Smet	Marshall Diverty	Voyageurs	From the Trail Riders
Rev. R. Rundle	L. S. Crosby	Indians	From the Guides
		Piper	Mrs. Fulbrook.

Narrator (with Scotch accent)

"Our Trail Ride this year has celebrated the hundredth anniversary of a remarkable ride by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who passed through Banff going up Healey Creek and over Simpson Pass (which was named after him on that account) in 1841, as part of the first Overland Journey Round the World. On this ride Simpson was accompanied by James Rowand, a Hudson's Bay Company Factor, who afterwards was buried beside him in Montreal. But the spirits of both of these adventurous men are said by the Indians of these parts to be roaming the Happy Hunting Ground round Mount Assiniboine, and Johnny Bearspaw, one of our Indian guides, claims that he not only saw their spirits sitting round the camp fire at the cook's tent after we had retired to our teepees, but that they have followed our Cavalcade of Trail Riders here to Banff. Moreover, Johnny Bearspaw declares that in their company he saw the spirits of two other Trail riders of a hundred years ago, one being the celebrated Jesuit missionary Father de Smet, who came north from the Kootenay Country past Lake Windermere, up the Cross River (so named because of the Cross erected there) and past Mount Assiniboine to the Bow Valley, which he reached at Canmore through the White Man's Pass. Also another of the Trail Riders of a hundred years ago, the Reverend Robert T. Rundle, who came here in 1841 and whose name is commemorated in the mountain peak Mount Rundle.

Now the spirits of these pioneers have followed our Cavalcade of Trail Riders back to Banff, and according to Johnny Bearspaw, the whole ghostly company may be here with us any minute. When I asked Johnny why they should have followed us, he said that they had tasted our camp food, and they had liked it so well that they had determined to seize hold of and take back with them our Camp Cook, Bert Hall, as they seemed to think that the food in the

Happy Hunting Ground should be of the best, and Bert Hall was the best cook they had come across in these last hundred years."

(Indians beat the tom tom and do some howling)

Whereupon all the Trail Riders stand and point to where Sir George Simpson, Factor Rowand, Father de Smet, Rev. Rundle and attendant voyageurs and some Indians are seen approaching. They are led by a Scottish piper playing the bagpipes.

They are greeted by Mr. W. U. Bardwell, President of the Trail Riders, who says.

"Welcome, Gentlemen Adventurers, and Reverend Gentlemen, what can we do for you?"

Ghost of Sir George Simpson — I am Sir George Simpson.

Narrator — Sir George seems to have acquired a new accent in the Happy Hunting Ground.

Ghost of James Rowand (in buckskin jacket) — I am James Rowand.

Narrator — His clothes have worn well these hundred years.

Ghost of Father de Smet — I am Father de Smet.

Narrator — Whoever cut that Cross did a good job.

Ghost of Rev. Robert Rundle — I am Robert Terrill Rundle.

Narrator — Congratulations on the whiskers.

Thereupon Simpson, Rowand, de Smet, Rundle and the voyageurs shout repeatedly and in unison:

"WE WANT BERT HALL"

Bert Hall in his chef's white hat and coat rushes about, trying to escape, but is surrounded by the voyageurs and Indians.

He is tied with a lasso, and is dragged off to the Happy Hunting Ground, the voyageurs singing *Alouette, gentille alouette*. As a Finale the Indians dance a prairie chicken dance.

Characters in the
historical pageant —
The Happy
Hunting Ground



Friendly
Stonies



President
Bardwell
welcomes
the Ghosts

C.P.R. photos

Corrected to October 15th, 1941

Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

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Harbison, Miss Helen D., Philadelphia, Pa.
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MacCarthy, Mrs. A. H., Wilmer, B. C. and
Annapolis, Md.
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Moore, Miss Edmee, Banff, Alta.
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Stowell, Dr. Averill, Baltimore, Md.
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Wills, Miss Hilda P., Bristol, England.

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Boyce, Jim, Banff, Alta.
Brewster, Bill, Banff, Alta.
Brewster, Claude, Seebe, Alta.
Brewster, F. O., Banff, Alta.
Brewster, Major Fred., Jasper, Alta.
Brewster, George, Jasper, Alta.
Brewster, Jack, Jasper, Alta.
Brewster, Mrs. Jack, Jasper, Alta.
Brewster, J. I., Banff, Alta.
Brewster, Mrs. J. I., Banff, Alta.
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MacCarthy, Mrs. A. H., Wilmer, B.C.
Macklin, J. W., Jasper, Alta.

McCorckle, Miss Alvena, Bloomsburg, Pa.
McIntyre, P. R., Glacier, B.C. (Providence, R.I.).

Moore, Col. Phil. A., Banff, Alta.
Moore, Mrs. Phil. A., Banff, Alta.
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Nixon, Walter J., Invermere, B.C.
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Potts, Bill, Banff, Alta.
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Staples, E. L., Skookumchuck, B.C.
Stowell, Wm. Averill, Vero Beach, Fla.
Stowell, Mrs. Wm. Averill, Vero Beach, Fla.
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Weadick, Guy, Longview P.O., Alta.
Weil, Miss Lily R., New York City.
Wells, F., Jasper, Alta.
Wheeler, A. O., Sidney, Vancouver Island, B.C.
Wilcox, Walter D., Washington, D.C.

1,000 MILES UPWARDS

Armbrister, F. S., Nassau, Bahamas.
Bennett, J. C. S., Hudson Heights, Que.
Bickley, Mrs. Robert F., New York, N.Y.
Booz, Miss Elizabeth C., Washington, Pa.
Braz, Fletcher P., Banff, Alta.
Brewster, Miss Bill, Banff, Alta.
Brewster, Miss Sid, Banff, Alta.
Colgate, Miss Josephine, West Orange, N.J.
Cook, Dr. Harriett E., Chicago, Ill.
Creveling, Miss M. A., Webster Grove, Mo.
Crosby, L. S., Banff, Alta.
Crosby, Mrs. L. S., Banff, Alta.
Cummings, U. B., Tell City, Indiana.
Cutler, Miss Mary, Evanston, Ill.
Davis, Mrs. Edward M., Ill., Richmond, Va.
Dover, Mrs. M. G., Bombay, India.
Elwell, W. H., Los Angeles, Calif.
Engelhard, Miss Georgia, New York, N.Y.
Ernst, Miss L. R., St. Louis, Mo.
Field, Frederick V., Lenox, Mass.
Field, Wm. B. Osgood, Lenox, Mass.
Field, Wm. Osgood, Lenox, Mass.
Findlay, Jas. B., Jasper, Alta.
Foster, Col. W. V., Vancouver, B.C.
Fowler, Mrs. Nellie W., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Frohnknecht, Otto, New York, N.Y.
Frost, Jack, Kinuso, Alta.
Gibbo, John, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.
Goddard, E., Sidney, Vancouver Island, B.C.
Gooderham, Mrs. M. Ross, Toronto, Ont.
Grund, Miss Georgia, St. Louis, Mo.
Hall, Mrs. J. Wesley, Hinsdale, Ill.
Harbison, Miss Helen D., Philadelphia, Pa.
Harbison, Miss Anne, Philadelphia, Pa.
Hardham, Miss Sarah M., Newark, N.J.
Hartmann, Arthur A., Brightwaters, N.Y.
Hartmann, Mrs. Arthur A., Brightwaters, N.Y.
Henry, Howard G., Gladwyne, Pa.
Jackman, Mrs. M. B., Jasper, Alta.
Janes, Miss Virginia, Cleveland, O.
Jones, Miss Margaret E., Moorestown, N.J.
Kean, A. D., Toronto, Ont.
Kilner, Mrs. Lily Lewis, Bear Creek, Luzerne Co., Pa.
Lee, Miss Dorothy M., South Westminster, B.C.
Luxton, Miss Eleanor, Banff, Alta.
McGowan, Miss Geraldine R., Ilion, N.Y.
Manz, Mrs. Carolyn D., Chicago, Ill.
Merrill, Miss Ella P., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mitchell, G. B., New York, N.Y.
Moore, Miss Edmee, Banff, Alta.
Munderloh, Miss Winifred, Montreal, Que.

Munger, H. J., New York City.
Munger, Mrs. H. J., New York City.
Munson, Curtis B., Edmonton, Alta.
Munson, George, Rockville Center, N.Y.
Orr, L. C., Banff, Alta.
Ostheimer, Alfred J., Whitford, Pa.
Painter, Brookman R., Shillington, Berks Co., Pa.
Painter, Miss Betty, Shillington, Berks Co., Pa.
Parson, H. G., Golden, B.C.
Partridge, Mrs. Donald W., Montreal, Que.
Pratt, Miss Helen R., Sheringham, Norfolk, Eng.
Prust, Miss Olga, Fairmont Springs P.O., B.C.
Rawlings, Miss Pat., Westmount, Que.
Rea, Dr. George W., Saskatoon, Sask.
Robinson, Dr. J. Dean, Banff, Alta.
Robinson, W., Montreal, Que.
Staples, Mrs. E. L., Skookumchuck, B.C.
Talling, Miss Betty, East Orange, N.J.
Van Vleck, Ernest Alan, New York City.
Vaux, Henry James, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Voorhies, Miss Arlene, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C.
Wilcox, Mrs. W. D., Washington, D.C.
Woods, Laurence, West Duxbury, Mass.
Young, Miss Helen, Invermere, B.C.
Young, Miss Madge M., Philadelphia, Pa.

500 MILES UPWARDS

Acres, A. E., Victoria, B.C.
Adaskin, Murray, Toronto, Ont.
Allen, Miss Ruth, Manchester, N.H.
Archer, Miss Georgiana, St. Paul, Minn.
Atkinson, Miss Mary, Minneapolis, Minn.
Beal, Carl H., Los Angeles, Cal.
Bettesworth, Miss Aileen N., Quebec, Que.
Biddle, Miss Nancy, Riverton, N.J.
Brewster, Mrs. George O., Banff, Alta.
Burpee, Miss Elizabeth, Vancouver, B.C.
Burpee, Lawrence J., Ottawa, Ont.
Campbell, Miss Mary, Boston, Mass.
Cheeseman, Dr. G. A., Field, B.C.
Churchill, Mrs. Sara F., New York, N.Y.
Coleman, H. T., Vancouver, B.C.
Collison, Miss E., Winnipeg, Man.
Corson, Miss Jane, Cliftondale, Mass.
Crisp, Miss Katherine B., Buffalo, N.Y.
Cummings, Mrs. Cornelia Weston, Verona, N.J.
Currie, Duncan, Field, B.C.
Davenport, Guy, Accord, N.Y.
Day, Mrs. Bernard P., New York City.
Diversity, Miss Jane, Woodbury, N.J.
Doerr, Miss Caroline, Minneapolis, Minn.
Duclos, Aubrey S., Edmonton, Alta.
Duffy, Miss Helen J., Long Island, N.Y.
Dunn, W. W., Jr., St. Paul, Minn.
Dunn, Mrs. W. W., Jr., St. Paul, Minn.
Eken, Miss Elizabeth B., Madison, N.J.
Fitz-Gerald, Miss Geraldine I., New York City.
Flerheim, Leonard, Chicago, Ill.
Fogelston, Dr. Samuel J., Chicago, Ill.
Gardner, Miss Mary J., Princeton, N.J.
Gosling, Mrs. Julie Raymond, Paget East, Bermuda.
Griffith, G., Vancouver, B.C.
Grund, Miss Mary V., St. Louis, Mo.
Guernsey, R. B., San Francisco, Calif.
Guernsey, Mrs. R. B., San Francisco, Calif.
Hall, John H., Jr., Hartsdale, N.Y.
Hall, Mrs. John H., Hartsdale, N.Y.
Hallman, A., Vancouver, B.C.
Hamlin, Miss Margaret, Amherst, Mass.
Hammond, Mrs. Jane, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Hanley, Miss Olive, Winnipeg, Man.
Harris, Capt. Kilroy, Sydney, Australia.
Harrison, Mrs. George, Banff, Alta.
Heg, Miss Sue Jane, Evanston, Ill.
Hemington, Miss R., Los Angeles, Cal.
Hickey, J. Carl, Banff, Alta.
Hopkinson, Edward III, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Hull, Norman, Montreal, Que.
Husted, Miss Mary, Evanston, Ill.
James, Miss Kathleen, Edmonton, Alta.
Jennings, Miss Kay, Banff, Alta.
Kaufmann, Eugene M., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.
Kelley, Miss Dora H., South Bend, Ind.
Kelsey, Frederick T., New York City.
Key, Harold Eustace, Montreal, Que.
Kimbrel, Richard M., New York City.
Kinney, Miss Dorothy, Vancouver, B.C.
Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. P., Sioux Lookout, Ont.
Knowlton, Miss Helen, Amherst, Mass.
Kurath, Miss G., Milwaukee, Wis.

LaPorte, William S., Baltimore, Md.
Le Huray, Miss Lorraine, Summit, N.J.
Leighton, A. C., Calgary, Alta.
Lott, James Vanderbill, Fanwood, N.J.
Macdonald, Miss Margie B., Vancouver, B.C.
Malkin, Miss Lila Marion, Vancouver, B.C.
Malkin, William H., Vancouver, B.C.
Maloney, Miss Rose, Milwaukee, Wis.
Manley, Herbert, Banff, Alta.
McCabe, Chas. R., Chicago, Ill.
McCloskey, Miss Helen, Pittsburgh, Pa.
McKerchar, Miss Margaret, Winnipeg, Man.
McPherson, George, Salmon Arm, B.C.
Mersereau, Mrs. Edna B., Kansas City, Mo.
Morse, Miss Caroline, Summit, N.J.
Newcomet, Miss Marian, Chicago, Ill.
Nixon, Miss Susie E., Invermere, B.C.
Noble, George, Banff, Alta.
Nunn, Mrs. Ella, Jasper, Alta.
O'Neill, H. M., Crossfield, Alta.
Orr, Mrs. Marguerite, Banff, Alta.
Orr, Mrs. L. C., Banff, Alta.
Overstreet, Miss Kathryn, Minneapolis, Minn.
Paine, Miss Elizabeth, Evanston, Ill.
Palenske, Miss Betty, Wilmette, Ill.
Pedler, Miss Madeleine, Hamilton, Ont.
Pell, Mrs. F. Livingston, Jr., New York, N.Y.
Raymer, Miss Janet, New York, N.Y.
Reinhart, Miss Mary, Minneapolis, Minn.
Reynolds, Morgan A., Charlotte, N.C.
Roberts, Dick, Banff, Alta.
Rosenberg, Miss Fanny, Beloit, Wis.
Sandilands, Mrs. E. M., Wilmer, B.C.
Sandman, Miss Ida, New York, N.Y.
Saunders, Miss Florence, St. Paul, Minn.
Schlachter, Miss J., Forest Hills, N.Y.
Schroeder, Fred, Jr., Wilmette, Ill.
Scott, Osborne, Winnipeg, Man.
Scull, Paul, Cynwyd, Pa.
Seyffert, L. A., Columbus, O.
Seyffert, Mrs. L. A., Columbus, O.
Seymour, A. O., Montreal, Que.
Shepard, Mrs. Graham, Ste. Anne, Que.
Sissons, Prof. C. B., Toronto, Ont.
Smith, Herbert, Banff, Alta.
Sotheron, Miss Dorothy C., New York, N.Y.
Sparke, John, Shanghai, China.
Speckly, Miss Winifred, Banff, Alta.
Staples, Elmore L., Jr., Skookumchuck, B.C.
Sterling, Pat., Banff, Alta.
Sterling, T. A., Calgary, Alta.
Stowell, Dr. Averill, Baltimore, Md.
Stowell, Eldon, Wilmington, Del.
Stuart, Miss Betsy, Minneapolis, Minn.
Stuart, Miss Jean, Long Beach, Calif.
Townsend, Mark Jr., Jersey City, N.J.
Trombly, Henry B., Summit, N.J.
Verker, Mrs. B., Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.
Walsh, Miss Norah, Montreal, Que.
Wardwell, Allen, New York, N.Y.
Wardwell, Mrs. Allen, New York, N.Y.
Waterman, Frank, New York City.
Watson, Miss Muriel, Brookline, Mass.
Welles, Master Arnold, New York City.
Welles, Master Benjamin, New York City.
Wildor, Miss M., Chicago, Ill.
Wilson, Miss Dorothy N., St. Paul, Minn.
Wilson, Miss Esther H., St. Paul, Minn.
Wilson, William H., Jr., St. Paul, Minn.
Wineberg, Miss Martha, Evanston, Ill.
Wishart, Miss Ellen A., Toronto, Ont.
Wolbach, Murray, Chicago, Ill.
Woolnough, W. H., Toronto, Ont.
Wray, Mrs. Enid, Montreal, Que.
Wright, B. Huntington, London, England.
Yoder, Miss Christine, Long Island, N.Y.
Young, Thos., Jasper, Alta.

250 MILES UPWARDS

Adaskin, Mrs. Murray, Toronto, Ont.
Anderson, Mrs. W. S., Winnipeg, Man.
Baker, Miss Mildred E., Buffalo, N.Y.
Bardwell, William U., Chicago, Ill.
Bardwell, Mrs. William U., Chicago, Ill.
Barnes, Miss Betty, Chicago, Ill.
Beverly, Frank, Wakefield, Yorkshire, Eng.
Bryan, Mrs. Dodd, Philadelphia, Pa.
Burney, Miss Marjorie, London, England.
Campbell, Miss Drusilla, Toronto, Ont.
Campbell, William O., Chicago, Ill.
Chestor, Miss Phyllis, Winnipeg, Man.
Colley, Miss Dovie G., Arkadelphia, Ark.
Colton, Miss Marjorie Jane, Wauwatosa, Wis.

(Kindly advise the Secretary-Treasurer of any misspelt names or incorrect addresses)

Darling, Mrs. P. C., Montreal, Que.
 Deady, Mrs. Amalie, New York City.
 Dean, Miss Winifred M., New York, N.Y.
 De Laitre, Mrs. John, Wazytata, Minn.
 Devereaux, Miss Kathleen M., Fort William, Ont.
 Dick, Miss Gilda, Calgary, Alta.
 Diverty, Marshall H., Woodbury, N.J.
 Dodge, Miss Virginia, Larchmont, N.Y.
 Donahue, Miss Madeleine, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Downey, John H., Millerton, N.Y.
 Downing, Miss Mary, Kansas City, Mo.
 Drouley, Miss Marcella, Prairie View, Ill.
 Druley, Miss Virginia, Prairie View, Ill.
 Ecker, Miss Margaret, Vancouver, B.C.
 Elias, Miss Josephine, New York, N.Y.
 Elias, Miss Catherine, Armonk, N.Y.
 Emerson, H. T., Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio
 England, Mrs. R. G., Jackson, Mich.
 Ermeringer, Miss Bertha, Chicago, Ill.
 Fleischer, Miss Harriet M., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Forman, John N., Litchfield, Conn.
 Forman, Mrs. John N., Litchfield, Conn.
 Fuller, Miss Margarita, Madeira, Ohio
 Gibbon, Mrs. J. M., Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.
 Gibbon, Philip, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.
 Gillespie, Dr. A. T., Fort William, Ont.
 Gillespie, Mrs. A. T., Fort William, Ont.
 Gradle, Miss Alice, Chicago, Ill.
 Graul, Russell, Jr., Montreal, Que.
 Graul, Wm. A., Montreal, Que.
 Hill, Miss Gertrude, Evanston, Ill.
 Hoffmeyer, Keith, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Hoffmeyer, Mrs. Keith, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Hurley, Miss Edith B., Montreal, Que.
 Jones, Miss Peggy, Evanston, Ill.
 Keeley, Miss Patricia Ann, Northampton, Mass.
 Koehler, Mrs. E., Cincinnati, O.
 Levy, L., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Levy, Mrs. L., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Levy, Miss J., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Levy, Louis, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Loetzer, Miss Dora M., Rochester, N.Y.
 Long, Thomas G., Detroit, Mich.
 Lyle, Hilliard, Winnipeg, Man.
 Madeira, Francis K. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Madeira, Percy C., 2nd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Madeira, Percy C., 3rd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Maltby, Miss Barbara A., San Francisco, Cal.
 Maltby, Miss Peggy, San Francisco, Cal.
 Maltby, Mrs. Mabel P., San Francisco, Cal.
 Manegold, Mrs. Frank W., Chicago, Ill.
 Manegold, Richard F., Chicago, Ill.
 Manegold, Miss Alice R., Chicago, Ill.
 Marshall, J. Warren, Wilmington, Del.
 Marshall, Mrs. J. Warren, Wilmington, Del.
 Mathews, Mrs. H. F., Montreal, Que.
 McGill, Dr. Frances, Regina, Sask.
 Mowat, Patrick K., Regina, Sask.
 Newcomet, H. E., Chicago, Ill.
 Newcomet, Mrs. H. E., Chicago, Ill.
 Niven, Mrs. Frederick, Nelson, B.C.
 Niven, Frederick, Nelson, B.C.
 Ott, Miss Dorothy, Winnetka, Ill.
 Pawling, Miss M. E., Chicago, Ill.
 Payne, Walter L., Montreal, Que.
 Peddie, D. E., Winnipeg, Man.
 Per-Leh, Miss Anne, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Poppenhusen, Miss Nancy, Evanston, Ill.
 Porch, Miss Louise, Spring Valley, Ill.
 Price, Miss Mary A., New Rochelle, N.Y.
 Prowd, Miss Barry, Vancouver, B.C.
 Rafferty, Miss Sadie, Evanston, Ill.
 Rexford, Col. Irving P., Montreal, Que.
 Ripley, Mrs. Wilder H., Calgary, Alta.
 Sargent, Miss Ethel C., Calgary, Alta.
 Scarborough, Henry, Chicago, Ill.
 Scarborough, Mrs. Henry, Chicago, Ill.
 Schumann, Miss Betty, Scarsdale, N.Y.
 Schumann, W. H., Scarsdale, N.Y.
 Sheffer, Miss Inez, Chicago, Ill.
 Sheldon, Miss Ruth, Tulsa, Okla.
 Sieberling, Mrs. C. W. Jr., Northfield, O.
 Slater, John, Oshkosh, Wis.
 Slessor, Mrs. R. E., Vancouver, B.C.
 Spalding, Miss K., Calgary, Alta.
 Stewart, Mrs. H. B. Jr., Hartville, O.
 Stifel, Carl G., St. Louis, Mo.
 Stifel, Mrs. Carl G., St. Louis, Mo.
 Thatcher, Miss Olive, Chicago, Ill.
 Wallach, Miss Carrie S., Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.
 Westphal, Dr. E. W., San Francisco, Calif.
 Willing, Mrs. Joseph K., Elkins Park, Pa.
 Wills, Miss Hilda, Bristol, England.

100 MILES UPWARDS

Allen, Mrs. George M., Swarthmore, Pa.
 Alston, Mrs. D., London, England.
 Archer, Miss Barbara, St. Paul, Minn.
 Archer, Miss Helen, St. Paul, Minn.
 Arthur, Miss Florence, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Augsperger, Owen D., Buffalo, N.Y.
 Balch, Miss Margot, Montgomery, Ohio
 Balch, Miss Betty, Montgomery, Ohio
 Balch, Miss Jeanne, Montgomery, Ohio
 Balch, Mrs. DeWitt, Montgomery, Ohio
 Baldwin, Mrs. H., Regina, Sask.
 Ballin, S., New York, N.Y.
 Barck, Dorothy C., Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Barr, Miss Janice, Kenilworth, Ill.
 Barron, Mrs. Harry, Toronto, Ont.
 Barron, Miss Olive M., Trail, B.C.
 Beach, William N., New York City.
 Beal, Mrs. Carl H., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Beall, Miss Virginia, Detroit, Mich.
 Beardsley, Henry, New York City.
 Bederman, Mrs. N. R., Winnetka, Ill.
 Bederman, N. R., Winnetka, Ill.
 Bell, Miss Sally, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Benz, Miss Vail, St. Paul, Minn.
 Bennett, A. H., Decatur, Ill.
 Bennett, Mrs. A. H., Decatur, Ill.
 Bernis, Miss Hildegard M., Long Island, N.Y.
 Bishop, Miss Alice, Calgary, Alta.
 Bihn, Robert M., Jr., New York City.
 Birchall, Miss Sara H., New York City.
 Blumenthal, Miss Elaine, Glencoe, Ill.
 Bonar, J. C., Montreal, Que.
 Bowman, Mrs. Robert H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Braun, Mrs. James Burton, Chicago, Ill.
 Breckenridge, Mrs. Karl S., Chicago.
 Broadfoot, Miss Grace, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Broadhead, Miss Eleanor, Salem, Mass.
 Broadhurst, Douglas, Bloomfield, N.J.
 Brookes, Miss P. M., Woodmanctote, Dursley, Glos.
 Brooks, Vernon, New York, N.Y.
 Brooks, Mrs. Vernon, New York, N.Y.
 Brooks, Miss Barbara, New York, N.Y.
 Brooks, Vernon, Jr., New York, N.Y.
 Brown, Mrs. Leila H., Chicago, Ill.
 Brown, Mrs. Ralph Gascoigne, New York, N.Y.
 Bruce, Mrs. Kathleen, Edinburgh, Scotland.
 Bruce, Robert, Edinburgh, Scotland.
 Bulkley, Miss Charlotte, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Bullerman, Miss Ruby, Chicago, Ill.
 Burns, Allan T., White Plains, N.Y.
 Buzzard, Miss M., Oxford, England.
 Buzzard, Sir Farquhar, Oxford, England.
 Caffrey, J. G., Canton, Mass.
 Calvin, Mrs. Pauline, Chicago, Ill.
 Campbell, Virginia, Tulsa, Okla.
 Carre, Keith, Hollywood, Calif.
 Chakranandhu, Mom Chao Ajiah, Chesnut Hill, Pa.
 Chambers, Alec., Evanston, Ill.
 Chapman, Wentworth F., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Chartrand, Victor Juan, Englewood, N.J.
 Childs, Theodore S., Jr., Riverside, Calif.
 Chirasakti, His Royal Highness Prince, Chesnut Hill, Pa.
 Cibulka, Miss Margaret, St. Louis, Mo.
 Clement, James H., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Close, Joseph, Toledo, Ohio.
 Close, Miss Suzanne, Toledo, Ohio.
 Coburn, Mrs. W. J., San Diego, Calif.
 Coburn, W. J., San Diego, Calif.
 Cobb, Levi S., Bridgeport, Conn.
 Collins, Miss Marion, Merchantville, N.J.
 Collins, Miss Patricia, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Condit, Edward A., Montclair, N.J.
 Condit, Miss Loraine, Montclair, N.J.
 Coplan, Maxwell, New York, N.Y.
 Corey, Miss Grace L., Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Corey, Miss Helen, Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Courage, E. R., Oxon, England.
 Cox, Miss Jeannette, Chicago, Ill.
 Cox, Miss Loretta, Chicago, Ill.
 Creelman, R., Winnipeg, Man.
 Creveling, Mrs. H. C., Webster Grove, Mo.
 Crosbie, Miss Margaret Jean, Tulsa, Okla.
 Crosbie, Miss Ruth, Tulsa, Okla.
 Cunha, Miss Cecily, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Dalmar, Hugo, Jr., Evanston, Ill.
 Deacon, John, Bellevue, Ont.
 Deane, Miss Mary Gray, Fall River, Mass.
 de Malignon, Miss Margaret, New York, N.Y.
 Deming, E. G., Evanston, Ill.
 Deming, Miss Frances, Evanston, Ill.
 Dexter, Miss Dorothy M., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Dexter, Miss Frances J., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Dobson, Miss Olive, Barrington, Ill.
 Doman, Robert P., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Drews, Edward, Stillwater, Minn.
 Drum, Hunter, Bay Head, N.J.
 Dunbar, Mrs. Ralph W., Brookline, Mass.
 Dunsmore, Mrs. W. R., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Dunsmore, W. R., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Eaton, Miss Frances Anne, New York, N.Y.
 Eckhardt, Henry, New York City.
 Eckhardt, Mrs. Henry, New York City.
 Edmonds, E. W., Scarsdale, N.Y.
 Edmonds, Mrs. E. W., Scarsdale, N.Y.
 Edwards, Miss Eleanor, Evanston, Ill.
 Elliman, Miss Edythe C., New York, N.Y.
 Elliott, G. H., Winnipeg, Man.
 Engelhard, Mrs. George H., New York City.
 Engelhard, George H., New York City.
 Esterly, James, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Fleacher, Miss Sally B., New York, N.Y.
 Fleischer, Dr. Charles, New York City.
 Foster, Miss S. E., Plainfield, N.J.
 Fowler, Jack, Vancouver, B.C.
 Fox, E. C., Toronto, Ont.
 Frank, Leonard, Vancouver, B.C.
 Fraser, J. Alasdair, Montreal, Que.
 Freeman, Frank G., Calgary, Alta.
 Fuller, William, Memphis, Tenn.
 Fuller, Mrs. William J., Madeira, Ohio
 Gailing, Miss Betty, East Orange, N.J.
 Gardiner, Mrs. Herman, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Geary, Miss Ann, New York, N.Y.
 Gibboney, R. M., Rockford, Ill.
 Gilbert, Henry, Bowmansdale, Pa.
 Gilbert, Miss Mary E., Vancouver, B.C.
 Gilchrist, Miss Mary Ann, Detroit, Mich.
 Gillette, Miss Hazel, Berkeley, Calif.
 Gillson, Harry T., Montreal, Que.
 Goodrich, N. L., Hanover, N.H.
 Gordon, A. F., Boston, Mass.
 Gordon, A. K., Boston, Mass.
 Gordon, E. M., Boston, Mass.
 Gordon, M. E., Boston, Mass.
 Gorham, Miss Katherine, St. Paul, Minn.
 Grant, Fraser, Toronto, Ont.
 Grant, Mrs. Fraser, Toronto, Ont.
 Grant, Master Fraser, Toronto, Ont.
 Grant, Miss Patricia, Toronto, Ont.
 Gray, Dr. Chas. P., New York City.
 Gray, V. B., Lakewood, Ohio.
 Greer, Miss Jane, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Greer, Miss Nancy, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Greir, Miss Edna H., Winnipeg, Man.
 Gries, Joseph C., Chicago, Ill.
 Griffin, G. C., Winnipeg, Mass.
 Grosscup, Mrs. Frances Seeds, Cambridge, Md.
 Gumbel, Mrs. Henry E., New Orleans, La.
 Guthrie, Mrs. Henry B., New York, N.Y.
 Hahn, Master Frederick H., Germantown, Pa.
 Hahn, Miss Leona P., Germantown, Pa.
 Hall, Miss Margaret E., Edmonton, Alta.
 Harris, J. C., Boston, Mass.
 Harris, Mrs. Kilroy, Berea, Ky.
 Harriman, Mrs. I., Newton, Mass.
 Haselbarth, Miss Irma S., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Hawley, Miss Patty, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Heathcote, Miss Lesley M., Seattle, Wash.
 Hedren, K. A., Uppsala, Sweden
 Henderson, Miss Georgia, Toronto, Ont.
 Henderson, Master Gordon, Toronto, Ont.
 Henderson, Mrs. Douglas C., Toronto, Ont.
 Henry, Miss Mary C., St. Louis, Mo.
 Hersey, Master Charles A., Westmount, Que.
 Hicks, Edwin W., Westbury, N.Y.
 Higinbotham, Miss F., Joliet, Ill.
 Hills, A. John, Essex, England.
 Hoare, Henry C., Richmond, Va.
 Hoare, Mrs. Henry C., Richmond, Va.
 Hobbs, W. H., Montreal, Que.
 Hodgart, Mrs. Alexander, Chicago, Ill.
 Hogenson, Wm., Jr., Chicago, Ill.
 Holbrook, E. G. C., London, England.
 Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore, Md.
 Hollander, Mrs. Sidney, Baltimore, Md.
 Honsinger, Miss E. L., Toronto, Ont.
 Hood, John III, Haddonfield, N.J.
 Horney, Mrs. Ruth, Radium Hot Springs, B.C.
 House, Miss Lois, Willard, Ohio
 Huck, Miss Florence, Buffalo, N.Y.
 Hulbert, Miss Eunice D., San Francisco, Calif.
 Hume, Miss Margaret I., Ottawa, Ont.
 Huntington, Tertius, Haverford, Pa.
 Huntington, Foster, Winter Park, Fla.

(Kindly advise the Secretary-Treasurer of any misspelt names or incorrect addresses)

MEMBERSHIP LIST TO OCTOBER 15th, 1941 — Continued

Hussey, Henry, Peking, China.
 Huth, Miss Gertrude K., Chicago, Ill.
 Jack, Miss Gladys, Vancouver, B.C.
 Jaros, A. L., Jr., New York City.
 Jaros, Mrs. A. L., New York City.
 Jenkins, Miss Marjorie B., Vancouver, B.C.
 Jones, C. A., London, England.
 Jones, Miss Louella, Corpus Christi, Texas.
 Jones, Miss Ruth, Victoria, B.C.
 Kalvin, Raphael E., New York, N.Y.
 Kelly, John J., New York, N.Y.
 Kerr, Alasdair, McD., Rothesay, N.B.
 Kesserich, Miss Elsa, Madison, Wis.
 King, Miss Margaret, Des Moines, Iowa.
 King, Mrs. Willard Van Beuren, Alton, Ill.
 Kitchell, Mrs. Llewellyn, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.
 Knight, Miss Grace, Chicago, Ill.
 Kohnle, Miss Mary Louise, Dayton, O.
 Kreuder, Miss Louise, Portland, Ore.
 Kridakara, Master Bongs Amara, Bangkok, Siam.
 Kuehne, Miss Joan, Scarsdale, N.Y.
 Kuehne, Mrs. Gerhard, Scarsdale, N.Y.
 Laidlaw, Miss Katherine J., Toronto, Ont.
 Laird, Dean Sinclair, Macdonald College, Que.
 Lane, Miss Susan G., Brookline, Mass.
 Lang, Frederick W., Forsyth, Ga.
 Lang, Mrs. Frederick W., Forsyth, Ga.
 Langtry, Miss Monica, St. Paul, Minn.
 Lar Rieu, Mrs. J. R., Oakland, California.
 Lauer, Miss Edith, Baltimore, Md.
 Larson, Miss Erma S., Chicago, Ill.
 Leddy, Mrs. James J., Ottawa, Ont.
 Lennard, Stephen, Vancouver, B.C.
 Lewitzke, Miss Ruth, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Lindeke, Albert W. Jr., St. Paul, Minn.
 Lindeke, Mrs. Albert W. Jr., St. Paul, Minn.
 Lines, Mrs. Dorothy, West Hartford, Conn.
 Lipovsky, Miss Devorah, Vancouver, B.C.
 Long, J., North Rochester, England.
 Longfield, Miss Cynthia, London, England.
 Lunn, Mrs. Suzanne Williams, Cambridge, Mass.
 MacArthur, Dr. John E., Chicago, Ill.
 MacArthur, Mrs. J. E., Chicago, Ill.
 MacFarlane, Dr. Don, Regina, Sask.
 MacGaheran, Joseph, Minneapolis, Minn.
 MacKenzie, Miss Mary Alice, Oak Park, Ill.
 MacKinney, Austin P., Providence, R.I.
 MacKinney, Miss Marguerite P., Providence, R.I.
 MacKinney, Miss Nancy P., Providence, R.I.
 Mackinnon, Miss C. Anne B., Toronto, Ont.
 Mackinnon, Peter B. L., Toronto, Ont.
 Mackinnon, Miss Jessie, St. Vital, Man.
 Madden, Miss R., Buffalo, N.Y.
 Malcomson, George W., Detroit, Mich.
 Malcomson, Mrs. George W., Detroit, Mich.
 Malkin, John Locke, Vancouver, B.C.
 Malloy, Miss Katherine B., New York City.
 Manegold, Frank W., Chicago, Ill.
 Manson, Marjorie, Detroit, Mich.
 Marsh, Miss Marian J., White Plains, N.Y.
 Marshall, Miss Eleanor, Yorklyn, Delaware.
 Materne, Stewart Kirk, Stamford, Conn.
 Mathewson, Miss Hope, New York, N.Y.
 May, M. S., Des Moines, Iowa.
 McCarthy, Miss Katherine, Jersey City, N.J.
 McChesney, John, Lakeville, Conn.
 McChesney, Mrs. John, Lakeville, Conn.
 McCowan, Dan, Banff, Alta.
 McCowan, Mrs. Dan, Banff, Alta.
 McCubbin, Thomas R., Harrisburg, Pa.
 McCutcheon, Miss Lorraine Starr, Paterson, N.J.
 McDaniel, Miss Delilah, Portland, Ore.
 McDonald, Miss Mary, Banff, Alta.
 McDougal, David B., Geneva, Ill.
 McGill, A. R., Montreal, Que.
 McGill, Miss M. H., Saskatoon, Sask.
 McLaughlin, Miss Nancy, Chicago, Ill.
 McLaws, Don, Calgary, Alta.
 McLaws, W. R., Calgary, Alta.
 McLean, Donald E., Toronto, Ont.
 Mever, Wallace, Chicago, Ill.
 Miller, Miss Dorothy, Chicago, Ill.
 Miller, Miss H. E., Winnetka, Ill.
 Miller, Miss Virginia B., Winnetka, Ill.
 Miller, Robert, Chicago, Ill.
 Moore, Charles W., Jr., St. Louis, Mo.
 Moore, R. O., London, England.
 Moore, Miss Diana, London, England.
 Moore, Miss Ruth M., Chicago, Ill.
 Morgan, Charles Baird, Philadelphia, Pa.

Morse, Barbara, Chicago, Ill.
 Motter, Miss Jean, St. Paul, Minn.
 Muers, Mrs. F. E., Hampstead, London, Eng.
 Nash, Master Benjamin, Norwalk, Conn.
 Nash, Douglas E., Norwalk, Conn.
 Nash, Mrs. Enid Allen, Norwalk, Conn.
 Nason, Mrs. John W., Atlantic City, N.J.
 Nelson, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.
 Newman, Miss Mary, St. Paul, Minn.
 Nicholl, D. I., London, England.
 Nickell, Miss Colena R., Calgary, Alta.
 Niles, B. D., Lansing, Mich.
 Nolan, Miss J. E., Chicago, Ill.
 Noll, Dr. Herbert E., Long Beach, Calif.
 Noll, Mrs. H. E., Long Beach, Calif.
 Oggesson, Miss Mabel L., Buffalo, N.Y.
 Olin, Miss Georgina, Alton, Ill.
 Olin, Master Enos Seeds, Germantown, Pa.
 Osborne, Archer P., Lynn, Mass.
 Ostheimer, Miss Elizabeth Goff, Jenkin-town, Pa.
 Oviatt, Miss Ruth, New York, N.Y.
 Palenske, Mrs. R. H., Wilmette, Ill.
 Palenske, John, Wilmette, Ill.
 Pangman, Miss Ruth, Banff, Alta.
 Parsins, Carle L., Lakeville, Conn.
 Pauwels, Miss Georgette A., Chicago, Ill.
 Paxton, Miss Phyllis K., Sussex, England.
 Peabody, Miss Alice, Detroit, Mich.
 Peabody, Miss Charlotte, Detroit, Mich.
 Pierce, Miss Eileen, Detroit, Mich.
 Pierce, Master Benjamin, New York, N.Y.
 Pierce, Miss Alice R., New York City.
 Pierce, Miss Harriet E., Providence, R.I.
 Poehler, Miss Marjorie, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Pollak, Master David, Cincinnati, O.
 Pollak, Miss Betty, Cincinnati, O.
 Potter, Miss Frances, Moorestown, N.J.
 Quinlan, Miss Edith, Scarsdale, N.Y.
 Rand, Mrs. Frank C., Jr., Santa Fe, New Mexico.
 Rawson, Miss Marion, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Reinhart, Miss Joan, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Rhett, Miss Catherine, Garden City, L.I.
 Rice, Miss Lynette, Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Richards, Miss Kathleen, Vancouver, B.C.
 Ringhoff, Miss M., Chicago, Ill.
 Ripley, Miss Frederica, Long Island, N.Y.
 Ripley, Miss Lesley, Long Island, N.Y.
 Ripley, Malcolm, Long Island, N.Y.
 Risser, Miss A. B., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Roberts, H. Armstrong, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Roberts, Miss Gertrude, Moorestown, N.J.
 Roberts, Miss Martha, Moorestown, N.J.
 Roberts, Miss Mary, Moorestown, N.J.
 Roberts, John F., Glendora, Calif.
 Robertson, Mrs. Alice N., Baltimore, Md.
 Rogers, David M., Kent, England.
 Rogers, Miss Elinor Chase, New York City.
 Rose, Miss Wilma, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Rumbaugh, Neal H., Easton, Pa.
 Russell, P. N., Field, B.C.
 Salsich, James B., Bethlehem, Pa.
 Salsich, Peter W., Bethlehem, Pa.
 Sayers, Miss M. H., London, England.
 Schriber, Charles, Oshkosh, Wis.
 Schroeder, Mrs. Fred, Jr., Wilmette, Ill.
 Scott, Miss Eleanor, Media, Pa.
 Scott, Mrs. A. H., Media, Pa.
 Selden, Miss Anne Louise, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Simpson, Miss Valerie M., Randwick, Sydney, N.S.W.
 Skehen, Miss Margaret F., Carmel, Calif.
 Skinner, Dr. C. W., Regina, Sask.
 Snape, Mrs. J. B., Jasper, Alta.
 Solomon, Herbert E., New York, N.Y.
 Spaeth, Miss Elaine, Clayton, Mo.
 Spencer, Miss Mildred, Evanston, Ill.
 Spruance, Miss L., Wilmington, Del.
 Spruance, William, Wilmington, Del.
 Squires, Mrs. Arthur H., Toronto, Ont.
 Steedman, Miss M., Gatley, Cheshire, Eng.
 Steinhart, Miss Joan, New York City.
 Stevens, Lawrence M., Dorchester, Mass.
 Stevens, Miss Ruth S., Bayonne, N.J.
 Stewart, Wayne, Honolulu, T.H.
 Stewart, Mrs. H. B., Hartville, O.
 Stiles, Miss Anna, Moorestown, N.J.
 Stiles, Miss Grace, Moorestown, N.J.
 Stocking, Mrs. Marguerite M., Garfield, Ohio.
 Stott, Miss Caroline, St. Paul, Minn.
 Stott, Miss Cornelia, St. Paul, Minn.
 Strauss, Mrs. Bella, Elkins Park, Pa.
 Strauss, Richard, Elkins Park, Pa.
 Strelitz, Miss Harriet M., New York City.
 Strong, Miss Elaine, Calgary, Alta.

Stuart, Miss E., Chicago, Ill.
 Sutherland-Campbell, Mrs. Henry, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Sweny, Master David George, Vancouver, B.C.
 Sweny, Miss Anne, Vancouver, B.C.
 Swissler, Miss Mary, River Forest, Ill.
 Tagmae, Miss Diana, Chicago, Ill.
 Tait, Miss Miriam, Winnipeg, Man.
 Talley, Miss Martha Jane, Terre Haute, Ind.
 Talley, Master Weldin, Terre Haute, Ind.
 Tanner, C. R., Calgary, Alta.
 Terry, Roland L., Plainfield, N.J.
 Timmins, Miss Joan, Montreal, Que.
 Timmins, Miss Gloria A., Montreal, Que.
 Timmins, Miss Julia, Montreal, Que.
 Timmins, Terry, Montreal, Que.
 Timmins, J. H., Montreal, Que.
 Timmins, Miss Pauline, A., Montreal, Que.
 Thompson, Miss Helen, Amityville, L.I.
 Tomkins, Miss Hazel, Montreal, Que.
 Topper, Miss Emily, Winnipeg, Man.
 Towle, Mrs. Julius C., Winnetka, Ill.
 Townsend, Reginald, New York, N.Y.
 Tracy, W. B., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Travis, Miss Mary N., Montclair, N.J.
 Turner, Miss Lucia, New York, N.Y.
 Twombly, Miss Ellen C., Summit, N.J.
 Usher, Miss Nell, Carmen, Man.
 Ulen, Frederick E., Arlington, Mass.
 Van Horn, Kent R., Shaker Heights, Ohio.
 Van Horn, Mrs. Kent R., Shaker Heights, Ohio.
 Van Winkle, Paul, White Plains, N.Y.
 Vessey, Miss Mary, Tulsa, Okla.
 Voorhies, Mrs. Charles S., Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Wallace, Mrs. Kenneth B., New York, N.Y.
 Watson, Miss Leola, Lethbridge, Alta.
 Watson, Miss Mona, Lethbridge, Alta.
 Watt, Mrs. Frank, H., Barrington, Ill.
 Weld, Miss Florence, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Wellman, Billy, Banff, Alta.
 Wells, Miss Elizabeth, Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Wells, Miss Henrietta, Boston, Mass.
 West, Miss Ann, St. Paul, Minn.
 Westoby, Miss Florence, Vancouver, B.C.
 Weston, Mrs. Edward F., Montclair, N.J.
 Weston, Miss Frances Ross, Montclair, N.J.
 Wetmore, Miss Nellie, Lockport, N.Y.
 Whyte, Peter, Banff, Alta.
 Wierman, Mrs. Victor, York, Pa.
 Wierman, Victor Jr., Narberth, Pa.
 Williams, Miss D. R., Tulsa, Oklahoma.
 Williams, John F., Vancouver, B.C.
 Wilson, Miss Alice, Barrington, Ill.
 Wineberg, Miss Patricia, Evanston, Ill.
 Winter, N. W., Brentford, Middlesex, Eng.
 Winton, Miss Anne, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Wittich, Miss Georgie F., St. Louis, Mo.
 Wood, Miss Lova, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Wood, Mrs. Margery P., New York, N.Y.
 Wood, Miss Anne H., Highland Park, Ill.
 Wood, Miss Frances, Highland Park, Ill.
 Wood, Miss Mary, Highland Park, Ill.
 Wryle, Charles P., Winnipeg, Man.
 Wynn, Miss Leila, St. Paul, Minn.
 Zinner, Master Teddy, Cleveland, O.

50 MILES UPWARDS

Anderson, J. M., Chicago, Ill.
 Anderson, John, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Anderson, R. C., London, England.
 Anderson, Robert, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Arms, Mrs. Willard C., Burlington, Vt.
 Ashworth-Hope, H., Somerset, England.
 Baldwin, Miss Suzette, Louisville, Ky.
 Baring, Lady Violet, London, England.
 Barr, Robert K., Kenilworth, Ill.
 Bata, Thomas, Frankford, Ont.
 Batcheller, Miss Helen, Yonkers, N.Y.
 Bearman, H. Victor, Middlesex, England.
 Beattie, Miss Louise, Fall River, Mass.
 Benjamin, Miss Gail, New York, N.Y.
 Benoit, Mr. Andre, Montreal, Que.
 Bernhardt, Miss Lola, St. Louis, Mo.
 Boostrom, Miss Hazel E., Riverside, Ill.
 Brady, Miss Clara, Banff, Alta.
 Brooks, Billy, Vancouver, B.C.
 Browne, A. Britton, Jr., Washington, D.C.
 Buell, Miss Isabella, Rochester, N.Y.
 Burkholder, Miss Mary R., New Brunswick, N.J.
 Burns, Mrs. Allan T., White Plains, N.Y.
 Butler, Mrs. R. A., London, England.
 Butler, R. A., London, England.

(Kindly advise the Secretary-Treasurer of any misspelt names or incorrect addresses)

MEMBERSHIP LIST TO OCTOBER 15th, 1941 — Concluded

- Callander, J. C., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Cameron, Miss Ellen W., London, Ont.
 Camp, Kingsland, New York, N.Y.
 Campbell, J. H., Winnipeg, Man.
 Campbell, Miss Virginia, Tulsa, Okla.
 Caneille, Mrs. Rita, Phoenix, Arizona.
 Casey, Miss Agnes J., New York, N.Y.
 Chambers, Miss Helen, Evanston, Ill.
 Chapman, Mrs. H., Vancouver, B.C.
 Childs, Miss Julia, Riverside, Calif.
 Cockeram, Miss Elizabeth, Toronto, Ont.
 Coleman, H. T., Vancouver, B.C.
 Colvin, George A., Chicago, Ill.
 Colvin, Mrs. George A., Chicago, Ill.
 Conrad, Miss D. M., Cleveland, O.
 Cook, Miss Lucille, Hartford, Conn.
 Crooker, Miss J., Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Crowe, Randolph, Toronto, Ont.
 Dailey, Miss Kathryn, Fall River, Mass.
 Darlington, Miss Jane, New York, N.Y.
 Davidson, Lawford, Hollywood, Calif.
 Davis, Marjorie, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Delp, Royal, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Deming, Mrs. E. G., Evanston, Ill.
 Denner, Gordon, Winnipeg, Man.
 Dentith, Arthur William, London, England.
 Depew, Mrs. F. M., Chapleau, Ont.
 De Wolfe, Miss Gladys, Cranbrook, B.C.
 Diener, Mrs. William L., New York, N.Y.
 Diener, William L., New York, N.Y.
 Doerr, Chloe, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Donovan, Miss Ethel K., Detroit, Mich.
 Douglas, Mrs. Bruce, Toronto, Ont.
 Durrell, Miss Edna, Cincinnati, O.
 Eastwood, Miss Marjorie, Evanston, Ill.
 Emerson, Miss Maisie, Detroit, Mich.
 Errington, Viscount, London, England.
 Evans, C. Greir, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Fake, George N., Salem, Oregon.
 Fine, Miss Margaret B., Princeton, N.J.
 Fisher, Mrs. Mary C., Vancouver, B.C.
 Flershem, Whitney B., Chicago, Ill.
 Ford, Miss Virginia, Grosse Pointe, Mich.
 Foulke, Miss Eliza J., Atlantic City, N.J.
 Foulke, Miss Helen E., Atlantic City, N.J.
 Fowler, Mrs. Jack, Vancouver, B.C.
 Fraser, Mrs. A. Alasdair, Westmount, Que.
 Frisch, Miss Evelyn, Madison, Wis.
 Fuller, Mrs. Ada N., Memphis, Tenn.
 Fulton, Alan P., Truro, N.S.
 Green, Irving H., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Green, L. P., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Gregg, Mrs. Norris B. Jr., St. Louis, Mo.
 Gregory, Arthur, Hartford, Conn.
 Griffith, Mrs. June, Vancouver, B.C.
 Gushee, Miss R. C., New York City.
 Goldsborough, Miss Nancy, Baltimore, Md.
 Haig, Lady, St. Boswells, Scotland.
 Hall, Miss Margaret E., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Hall, Miss Katherine, Hartsdale, N.Y.
 Hall, Lewis R. M., Hartsdale, N.Y.
 Hall, John H., III, Hartsdale, N.Y.
 Harmon, Mrs. Byron, Banff, Alta.
 Harper, Miss Anna Frances, Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Harriman, Mrs. H. I., Newton, Mass.
 Harris, A. G., Oak Park, Ill.
 Haskins, Miss Helen, Pelham Manor, N.Y.
 Haupt, Miss C. M., East Providence, R.I.
 Hawes, Miss Jacqueline, Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Hazzard, Miss Lena A., Oakland, Calif.
 Hembroff, Miss Jean, Winnipeg, Man.
 Henderson, Douglas C., Toronto, Ont.
 Henriques, Miss Gillian, Melbourne, Australia.
 Heymann, Mrs. Edna E., Germantown, Pa.
 Hill, Whiteside, New York City.
 Hof, Master John, Forest Hills, N.Y.
 Hopkins, Master Willard C., Hubbard Woods, Ill.
 Hopkins, Mrs. Willard F., Hubbard Woods, Ill.
 Hughes, Miss M., New York, N.Y.
 Husted, C. E., Toledo, Ohio.
 Hutchinson, Miss Madge, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Hyde, Miss Bess L., Port Huron, Mich.
 James, Miss Bessie, Chicago, Ill.
 Jarmod, Sid., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Jemne, Mrs. Elsa L., St. Paul, Minn.
 Jenkins, Mrs. Ernest F., Rochester, N.Y.
 Jewell, Miss Ruth J., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Johnson, Miss Opalrae, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Johnson, Miss Violet, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Jones, Mrs. Warner H., Rockville Centre, L.I., N.Y.
 Jones, Warner H., III, Rockville Centre, L.I., N.Y.
 Jotikasthira, S., Bangkok, Siam.
 Keisler, Miss Margaret, Chatham, N.J.
 Keisler, Rufus, Chatham, N.J.
 Knox, Errol G., Sydney, Australia.
 Knox, Master Peter E., Sydney, Australia.
 Knox, Miss Patricia, Sydney, Australia.
 Koehler, Miss Christina M., Glen Ridge, N.J.
 Kretler, Mrs. W. V., Bayside, N.Y.
 Lafore, Miss Helen, Penn Valley, Pa.
 Lafore, J. A., Penn Valley, Pa.
 Lakin, Mrs. Vera M., London, England.
 Larkin, Dr. William R., Chicago, Ill.
 Larkin, Mrs. William R., Chicago, Ill.
 Levy, Miss Edith, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Liffingwell, Miss Virginia, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Lown, Miss Catherine, Yonkers, N.Y.
 Lumsden, Mrs. Edith R., New York City.
 Maass, H. J., Chicago, Ill.
 Maass, Mrs. H. J., Chicago, Ill.
 MacCarthy, Mrs. J. D., St. Louis, Mo.
 MacDonald, Miss Sheila, Hampstead, London, Eng.
 Mamepe, Miss Katherine M., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mansfield, Mrs. Elinor P., Morristown, N.J.
 March, J. E., Montreal, Que.
 March, Mrs. J. E., Montreal, Que.
 Massie, Miss Catherine J., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Mayer, Miss Rosalie, New York, N.Y.
 Maynard, E. S., Lancashire, England.
 Maynard, Mrs. E. S., Lancashire, England.
 Maynard, Miss Margaret M., London, Eng.
 McArdle, John, New York, N.Y.
 McCaffrey, Leonard, Atlantic City, N.J.
 McCaffrey, Mrs. Leonard, Atlantic City, N.J.
 McKay, George, Winnipeg, Man.
 McCormack, Miss Laura, Port Arthur, Ont.
 Manning, Miss Belle, New York, N.Y.
 Merchant, Miss Fern, Battle Creek, Mich.
 Miller, Miss Catherine, Dayton, Ohio.
 Miller, Miss Leola, Bowmanville, Ont.
 Monson, Hon. John R., Lincoln, England.
 Moore, H. Napier, Toronto, Ont.
 Moore, Mrs. H. Napier, Toronto, Ont.
 Moseley, Carlton, Highland Park, Ill.
 Moss, Miss Elizabeth J., New York, N.Y.
 Nagelstadt, Robert, Chicago, Ill.
 Napier, Miss Betty, Yonkers, N.Y.
 Nash, Miss Jane C., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Neher, Miss Sara W., Princeton, N.J.
 Nelson, Mrs. A. Sherman, Calgary, Alta.
 Noonan, William T., Rochester, N.Y.
 Officer, Major Keith, Washington, D.C.
 O'Leary, R. J., Montreal, Que.
 Palmer, Master Richard, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.
 Palmer, Master Wayne, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.
 Palmer, Mrs. L. R., Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.
 Paskins, Mrs. John C., Riverside, Ill.
 Patterson, Mrs. Anita B., New York, N.Y.
 Peck, Miss Gertrude, Scranton, Pa.
 Periton, Mrs. H. G., Blundellsands, nr. Liverpool, England.
 Perry, John F., Maplewood, N.J.
 Pierce, H. H., New York, N.Y.
 Pierce, Mrs. H. H., New York, N.Y.
 Pusey, Frederick, London, England.
 Queen of Siam, Her Majesty, London, Eng.
 Rabinowitz, Edwin X., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Rainsford, Miss Alice, Winnipeg, Man.
 Redmond, Miss Elizabeth, Brookline, Mass.
 Redmond, Miss Eugenie, Brookline, Mass.
 Rieger, Miss Mary R., New Rochelle, N.Y.
 Retka, Miss Rose, St. Paul, Minn.
 Roat, Miss Florence, Vancouver, B.C.
 Roberge, Mrs. Edward, Banff, Alta.
 Robinson, Miss Bessie, Pa. Newcastle
 Rose, Mrs. Hugh, Jr., San Francisco, Calif.
 Ross, Miss Margot, Winnipeg, Man.
 Rounds, Miss Elizabeth, New York City.
 Rounds, Miss Juliet, New York City.
 Rowe, Miss Dorothy, Dayton, Ohio.
 Russell, John R., New York City.
 Rymill, J. R., Penola, Australia.
 Rymill, R. R., Penola, Australia.
 Schaaf, Mrs. Clarence W., Chicago, Ill.
 Schofield, Miss M. Youngstown, Alta.
 Schriber, Miss Susan, Oshkosh, Wis.
 Schriber, Mrs. S. S., Oshkosh, Wis.
 Schroeder, Mrs. Walter L., Atlantic City, N.J.
 Schroeder, Walter L., Atlantic City, N.J.
 Seymour, Mrs. A. O., Montreal, Que.
 Sheridan, Miss Helen, Chicago, Ill.
 Sheridan, Miss Jackie, Chicago, Ill.
 Sheridan, Miss Mary, Chicago, Ill.
 Shrader, Miss D., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.
 Silbie, Miss E., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.
 Smith, Miss Evelyn, Albany, N.Y.
 Smith, Miss Phyllis Burley, Vancouver, B.C.
 Snyder, E. H., Burbank, Calif.
 Snyder, Miss Margaret L., Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Sombati, Luang Siri, Bangkok, Siam.
 Stacy, Henry P., Detroit, Mich.
 Stacy, Miss Ethel P., Detroit, Mich.
 Staples, Miss Kathryn, Cranbrook, B.C.
 Staples, Miss Suzanne, Cranbrook, B.C.
 Starke, A. H., Centralia, Ill.
 Stay, Miss Helen, Cleveland, O.
 Stetch, Albert T., Jr., Trenton, N.J.
 Sylvestre, Mrs. Louise, Victoria, B.C.
 Tarr, Raymond L., Sierra Madre, Calif.
 Tilem, Dr. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Tomkins, Miss Jean, Winnipeg, Man.
 Topper, Miss Emily, Winnipeg, Man.
 Valentine, J. A., Hollywood, Calif.
 Van Dusen, George C., Jr., Excelsior, Minn.
 Van Woert, Mrs. Leslie, Rye, N.Y.
 Vineberg, L. A., Montreal, Que.
 Vineberg, Mrs. L. A., Montreal, Que.
 Vondrasek, Miss M. A., Cleveland, O.
 Von Wening, Anthony F., Kenilworth, Ill.
 Wagner, Charles A., New York, N.Y.
 Wagner, Mrs. Charles A., New York, N.Y.
 Wait, Miss Lillian, Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Wallach, Miss Andree P., Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.
 Walton, Joseph W., St. Davids, Pa.
 Walton, Miss D., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Walton, Miss Margaret A., Pawtucket, R.I.
 Walton, Mrs. Joseph W., St. Davids, Pa.
 Wardle, Miss Dorothy H., Banff, Alta.
 Waterman, Miss Clara M., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Weber, Miss Virginia, Evanston, Ill.
 Wells, Miss Mabel H., New Brunswick, N.J.
 Wendt, Miss Janet, Buffalo, N.Y.
 West, Levon, New York City.
 Whipple, Miss Doris, White Plains, N.Y.
 Whipple, Miss Ruth Ann, White Plains, N.Y.
 Whited, Miss M. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Whiting, Oliver K., London, England.
 Wierman, Mrs. Victor, Jr., Narberth, Pa.
 Wilcox, Mrs. Chas. S., Pittsford, N.Y.
 Wilson, John H., Boston, Mass.
 Wood, Miss Alice L., Cleveland, O.
 Wood, Miss Hilda, Cleveland, O.
 Woolnough, Mrs. W. H., Toronto, Ont.
 Wullimann, Oscar, New York, N.Y.
 Yates, R. L., Buffalo, N.Y.
 Yorath, Miss Joyce, Calgary, Alta.
 Young, Miss Dorothy, Winnipeg, Man.
 Zarbell, Mrs. Iver H., Seattle, Wash.

UNCHARTERED MEMBERS

- Bond, Mr. George B. R., Calgary, Alta.
 Bond, Mrs. George B. R., Calgary, Alta.
 Brock, Major F. Freer, Vancouver, B.C.
 Jack, Mrs. Laurence E., Melrose, Mass.
 Mills, Ike, Banff, Alta.

(Kindly advise the Secretary-Treasurer of any misspelt names or incorrect addresses)

Members who have not yet paid their annual dues for the year 1940-41 are requested to send their cheques to J. M. Gibbon, Secretary-Treasurer, Room 318, Windsor Station, Montreal, Canada.